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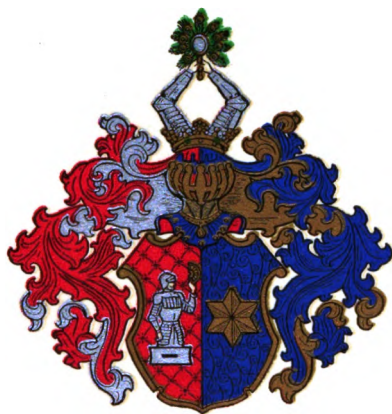
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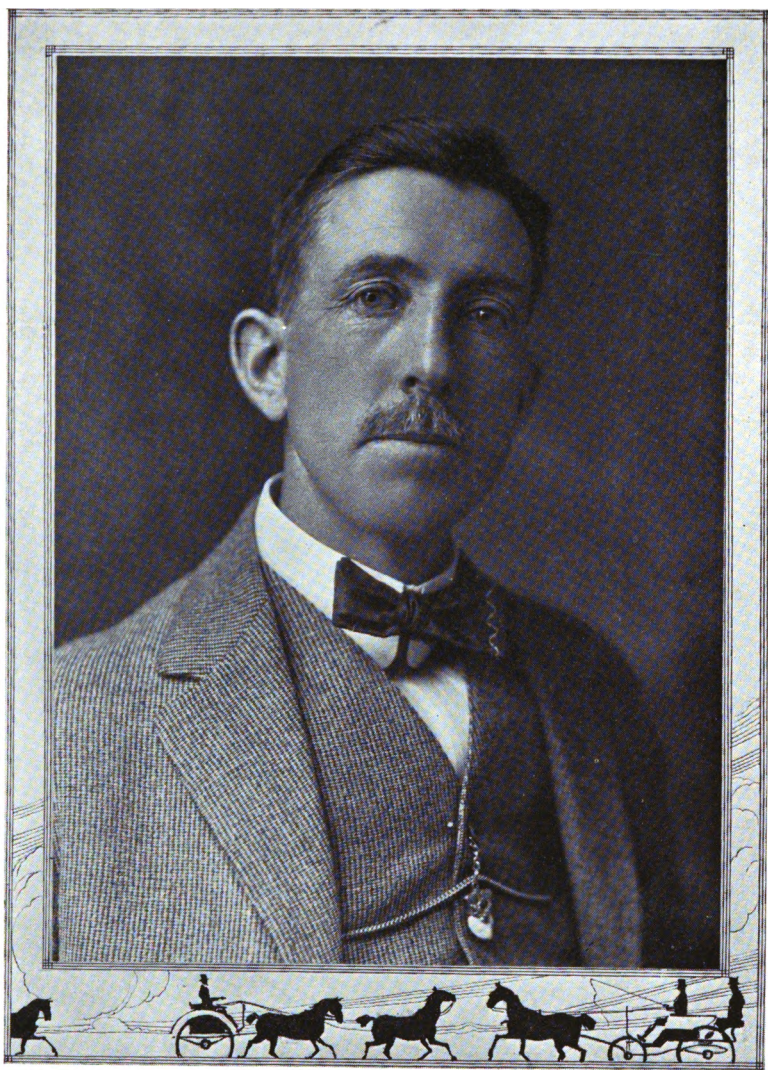














# Heart Throbs and Hoof Beats

*Poems of Track, Stable and Fireside*

By WALTER PALMER



COVER BY RODNEY THOMPSON

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## IN APPRECIATION

**T**HE AUTHOR wishes to express his gratitude to The Horseman, The Horse Review, The Show Horse Chronicle and the several gentlemen who have assisted in securing the pictures contained herein.




## FOREWORD

Did you ever, dear reader, really love a horse? Have you been one of those fortunate mortals who have lived a portion of their lives out in the gorgeous freedom of God's open country? Have you ever as a child confided your joys and sorrows to a pony or poured out to some equine friend, tried and true, the anguish of your soul? Have you ever looked into those great, limpid, hazel eyes when all the world seemed against you and read therein the promise to share your successes and reverses through the sunshine and shadow of life? If so, then there has come to you that supreme satisfaction that comes from an intimate association with man's best friend, a satisfaction which can not emanate elsewhere and which all the mechanical things in Christendom can not produce.

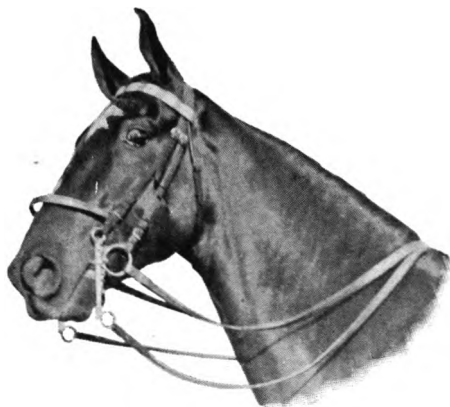
I have come to look with compassion upon those unfortunate individuals into whose lives there has never come the lasting influence of AN OLD ROAN MARE; possibly she was as white as the drifting snows that hid the hedge rows in winter; mayhap she was as black as the cawing crows that voiced a vigorous protest at your untimely intrusion; perchance she was the color of your own chubby hands in butter-nut time. Be that as it may, a memory of her faithfulness and constancy has abided with you on down through the years and prompted you to purer motives and higher ideals. Undaunted by heat or cold, she served you on festive occasions, and brought succor and relief in the hour of your affliction. Through the inky blackness of the night and against the fury of the tempest, the old mare brought you home, where warmth and comfort and loved ones awaited your coming, and where her deeds and the deeds of her progeny were an oft-told tale. The ingenuity of man may devise other methods of tilling the soil; uncertain devices will emancipate our animals from the drudgery of menial labor, but time can not efface the record or dim the achievements of those sturdy, faithful steeds whose service so largely aided and abetted the pioneers in the development of this great country, and so to their memory and to the friends of horses everywhere, this book is respectfully dedicated.

—W. B. P.



Man's love of his horse is not a thing of yesterday. It is age-old and has grown greater the further removed he has become from the dawn of time. As he emerged from the silent day of savagery perfumed with the hidden flowers of unknowing innocence, and began his long course through the silver silence of the night, to his ultimate estate of Man, always has he been accompanied by his never-failing, never-faltering Horse. Side by side they have come down the illimitable Corridors of Time and in the company of his horse, Man has ever escaped the sheer weight of unbearable loneliness. So the ties of comradeship and the sense of security have become interwoven into the deepest recesses of the very heart of mankind and the Love of his Horse is as world-wide as are those thoughts whose very sweetness yield proof that they were born for Immortality. "The Idea of Immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of Human Affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as Love kisses the lips of Death." Human Affection! The cry of the hungry heart! The unutterable yearning for that sympathy of the one kindred soul which will really Know and Understand and Console!—THUS THE HORSE ABIDES.

—H. J. KRUM in the Show Horse Chronicle.



### THE HORSE

---

The Horse is the thing;  
You may have the thrills  
That come with the gasoline,  
You may have the spills  
And the pace that kills  
In your auto or flying machine,  
For the flyer that flies  
In the vaulted skies  
Must come to earth if his engine dies,  
But the fire that lies  
In a horse's eyes  
Is the spark that lives and intensifies,  
So here's to the horse

—THE KING—



JUST A BOY, A DOG, A TROTTER

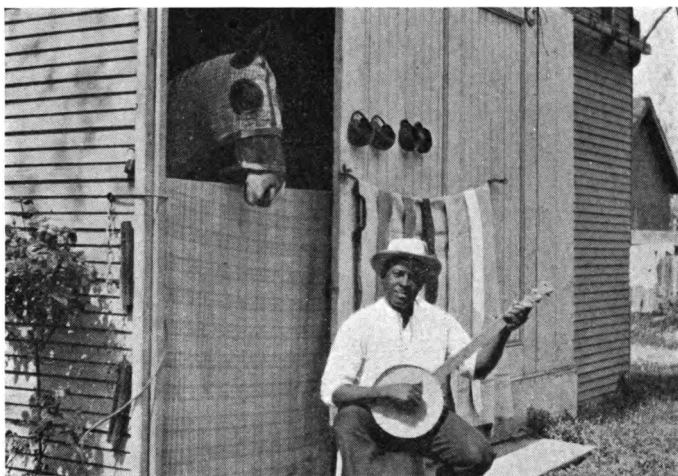
## HEARTHSTONE MEDITATIONS

---

When the colts are snug and cozy  
From the chilling Winter blast,  
And you're all alone and dozy  
Just a-dreaming of the past,  
Then the rudy glowing embers  
Fitful shadows paint for me  
Scenes when life was light and happy  
And my heart was fancy free;  
Just a boy, a dog, a trotter—  
Ah, I'd give my very all  
Just to live those old days over  
When I slept out in a stall.

You can have your golf and polo,  
And your yatching, if you please,

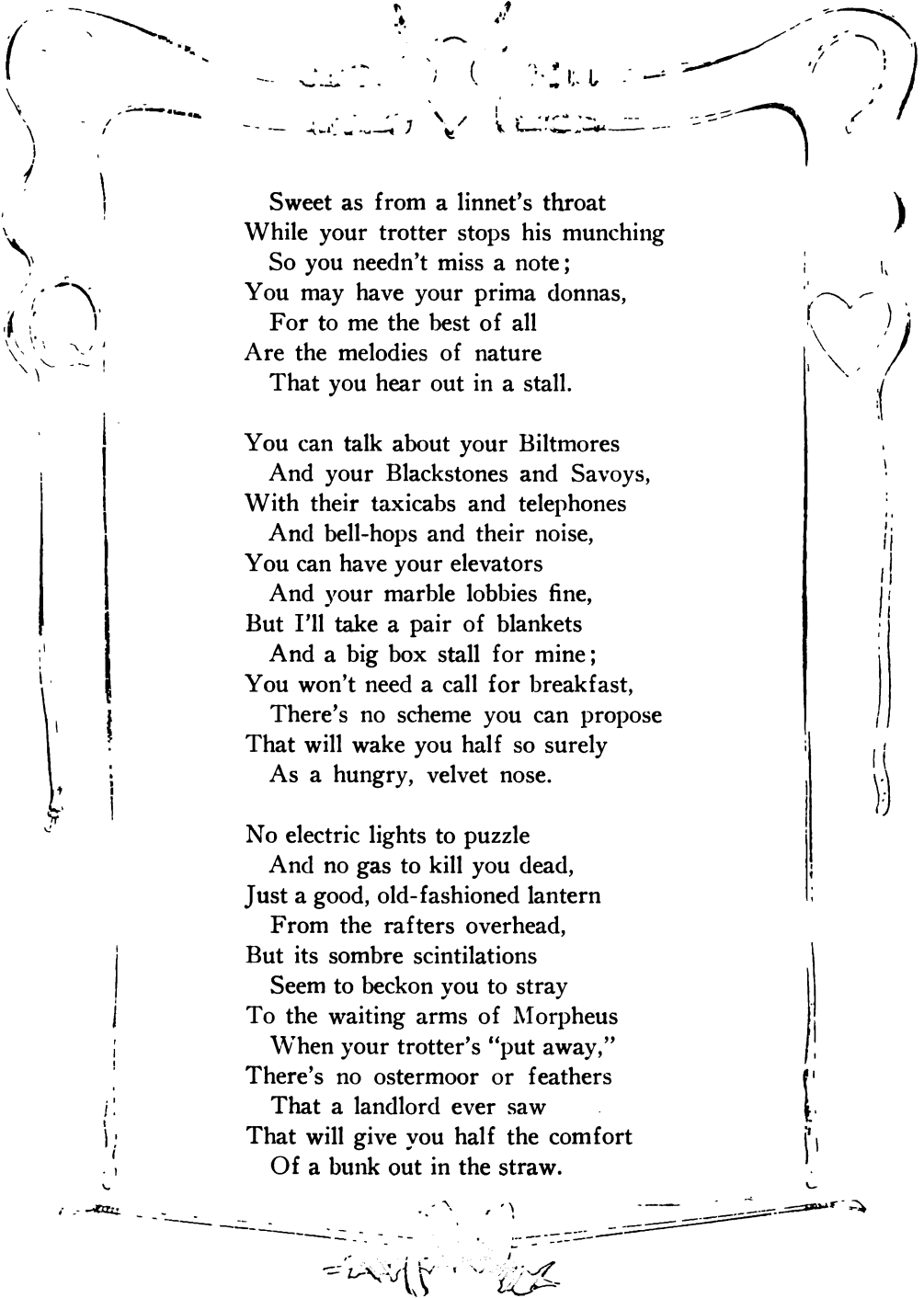




**JUST A COLORED GROOM A STRUMMING**

I can tell you of a pastime  
Worth a dozen such as these,  
Get a trotter or a show horse  
For there's naught on Earth compares  
To the fun a fellow really has  
Who does the glad Fall fairs,  
Throw away the pepsin tablets,  
Smash the bottles one and all,  
Just forget your pains and troubles,  
Get back to Nature in a stall.

There's no orchestra a-playing,  
There's no giddy cabaret,  
Just a colored groom a-strumming  
On a banjo far away,  
"Old Black Joe" and "Suwanee River"



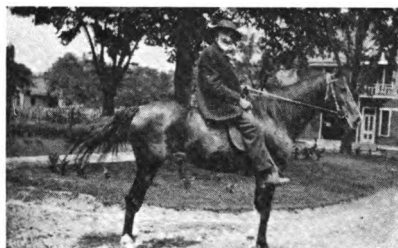
Sweet as from a linnet's throat  
While your trotter stops his munching  
So you needn't miss a note;  
You may have your prima donnas,  
For to me the best of all  
Are the melodies of nature  
That you hear out in a stall.

You can talk about your Biltmores  
And your Blackstones and Savoy's,  
With their taxicabs and telephones  
And bell-hops and their noise,  
You can have your elevators  
And your marble lobbies fine,  
But I'll take a pair of blankets  
And a big box stall for mine;  
You won't need a call for breakfast,  
There's no scheme you can propose  
That will wake you half so surely  
As a hungry, velvet nose.

No electric lights to puzzle  
And no gas to kill you dead,  
Just a good, old-fashioned lantern  
From the rafters overhead,  
But its sombre scintillations  
Seem to beckon you to stray  
To the waiting arms of Morpheus  
When your trotter's "put away,"  
There's no ostermoor or feathers  
That a landlord ever saw  
That will give you half the comfort  
Of a bunk out in the straw.

There's no costly lavatory,  
There's no valet to be fed,  
Just a bucket of cold water  
And a rub-rag's all you need,  
You'll find a broken mirror  
On the boot-board over there  
And a bit of comb provided  
You've not parted with your hair,  
There'll be no manicurist  
And no barber within call,  
Neither will you need a doctor  
If you sleep out in a stall.

Oh ye weary men of millions  
With your multitude of cares,  
Don't you know the Silent Reaper  
Creeps upon you unawares?  
Get yourself a good game trotter,  
One of those that always tries,  
There's no nobler, truer comrade  
Underneath the vaulted skies.  
If you'd live long and be happy  
From early Spring till Fall  
Cut out care and cast your fortune  
With a trotter in a stall.





"THEY CHOOSE THIS SPOT TO SETTLE DOWN"

### UNFAILING SIGNS

---

The melancholy days are here  
I know it by the chill  
That permeates the atmosphere  
Up here upon the hill.

The wind is sighing through the trees  
The leaves are turning brown,  
But there's a surer sign than these,  
The city folks have moved to town.

Alas, it seems but yesterday  
Since they arrived upon the scene,  
So fast the seasons fly away,  
So fast the Summers come between.

Far from the city's madding strife  
They chose this spot to settle down,  
And I can't see to save my life  
Just why our neighbors move to town.

For who would give the worth-while joys  
That we accrue here every day,  
For all the city's smoke and noise  
And all its gladsome, great, white way.

Down here we walk about serene  
In perfect safety any time,  
Up there they hit you on the bean  
And rob you of your only dime.

Down here a neighbor is a chap  
Who every morning says Hello,  
Up there you may not know mayhap  
The man who rents the flat below.

The robin and the lark have flown,  
The red squirrel's antics ape a clown,  
And Winter's coming, be it known,  
When city folks go back to town.

## THE HOBBLER SADIE WORE

(Perhaps none of our great pacing mares were more popular than was Citation 2:01½. The ease and grace with which she wore her hobbles, the contented manner in which she trailed an opponent, and the cyclonic speed with which she came at the finish are all impressed indelibly upon the memory of the writer and assisted largely in making "Sadie," as she was familiarly known, a public idol.)

"Say, Kelly, you got any hobbles?  
Why, what are you laughing at,  
Do you think I can't drive a pacer  
Because I am big and fat,  
Do you think 'cause I use an auto  
That I've laid down the reins  
And lost all the bright red corpuscles  
That raced in my boyhood veins?  
Do you think 'cause I've stopped my drinking  
And grown a bit more staid  
That I've forgotten the noblest horse  
The good Lord ever made?  
Yes, Kelly, I've got a pacer  
But she breaks when I try to race  
And I want a set of hobbles  
To keep her on a pace,  
She does not always need them  
And then again I'll swear  
To get her a set of hobbles  
Like Old Sadie used to wear.

You must remember Sadie  
Who turned full many a trick,  
Her real name was Citation  
And we called her driver Dick.  
You saw the race, I'm certain,  
And must recall the mare,  
I can see her just as plainly  
As she was standing there:  
Brown and modest, not as handsome  
As this younger mare of mine,  
But with a wealth of something  
That made her almost divine;  
Say, my mare would look just like her  
When she turned around to score,  
If you'd sell me a set of hobbles  
Just like Old Sadie wore.

"Did I buy her? No, I bred her;  
Remember the old roan mare  
That I drove when I was a-courting  
And raced at the county fair?  
Do you mind the year I rented  
The farm on Coval creek,  
The crops were most a failure  
And the family had all been sick;  
I was mighty short of horses  
But the old mare pulled me through  
'Cause when the big ones faltered  
She just did the work of two,  
And when they puffed and wilted  
She seemed to thrive instead,  
A cross of Hal and Bashaw  
On a dash of thorobred.  
"My landlord, Old Man Skinner,



"A DAPPER MAN IN GRAY"

Wouldn't trust me for my plows  
Till I gave him a chattel mortgage  
On my horses and my cows,  
And Kelly, nothing hurt me so in twenty years  
As the name of that old roan mare  
When I saw it through the tears.  
The note fell due in August  
And we'd worked and saved and planned  
Till on July twenty-second  
We had all the cash on hand.  
How I recall the morning  
For my wife had helped me start  
And had placed the eggs and butter  
In the bottom of the cart,  
The whole world seemed so happy  
And my heart so light and free



As I thought how all the neighbors  
Would surely envy me.

The thrush and lark and linnet  
Seemed to revel in their song  
And I hummed forgotten ballads  
As the old mare jogged along.

“Well, when I got to the city  
I had a drink or two,  
And I soon forgot old Skinner  
And the errands I had to do.  
I wandered about from bar to bar  
Till a band began to play  
And then I remembered the races  
Were going on that day.  
I hadn’t seen a race in years  
But it sort o’ brought me back  
And I dropped in behind the music  
And followed it to the track.  
The free-for-all was scoring  
And a dapper man in gray  
Was writing on a blackboard  
And then rubbing it away;  
Talk about your school ma’ams  
That are handy with the chalk,  
He was surely some professor,  
He could write and rub and talk.  
A sporty looking fellow  
Who owned some racing stock  
Informed me he could write a book  
And that his name was Jock,  
He seemed to figure a little  
And then he’d turn and say,

Well, come on, boys, and pick 'em out  
Before they get away.

"I had always kept my wallet  
Tied up with a buckskin string  
In my right hand trousers pocket  
And had held on to the thing  
With a vice-like grasp to shield it  
From the semblance of all harm,  
When my sporty friend politely  
Touched me on the other arm;  
You see, he said, my brother owns  
The brown mare with the straps  
And another brother drives her,  
And I thought that you perhaps  
Would like to make a little money,  
For it's fixed for her to win,  
Those hobbled birds will help her,  
She'll simply ramble in;  
Better get down fifty plunkers  
'Fore my brother bets his wads,  
You'll never get another chance,  
He'll surely change the odds.  
Something seemed to tell me, Kelly,  
That the kid was on the square,  
So I peeled off fifty dollars  
And bet it on the mare,  
And as I passed it up to Jock,  
'Straight or place,' was all he said,  
And I answered, I want to bet it  
That Sadie comes ahead.  
My name's Joe, but he thought he knew me,  
For he said with half a sneer,

Si, I thought you wasn't coming  
But I'm mighty glad you're here,  
Then he handed me out a little check,  
I remember it just as well,  
'Cause 'twas like you get for your coat and hat  
When you stop at a big hotel.  
Mendota Club, it said at the top  
And beneath with a pencil blue,  
His hired man had written  
Citation—Ten to Two.

"They're off, and the murmuring crowd is  
stilled  
As a chestnut flew to the rail,  
And the hopes of Sadie's friends were chilled  
As she was seen to trail;  
Past the quarter and round the turn  
The flying pacers come,  
Their hoofbeats echoing on the air  
Like the roll of a muffled drum;  
Nearer and nearer, step by step,  
Was there ever such a scene,  
The black coat leading by a length  
The driver dressed in green;  
Grim and determined are the men  
As Sphinx-like they sit and ride,  
Awaiting the finish they know full well  
Will be won or lost by a stride;  
Through the spell-bound crowd  
Past the half in three  
Like spectres grim they stole,  
And round the turn, and up the stretch  
And past the three-quarter pole,

And on to the turn where the stables are,  
Where the grooms sit on the rail,  
And still the chestnut raced in front  
With the brown mare on her trail,  
I turned away in deep despair  
As I thought of old Skinner's note,  
And somehow a mist seemed to fill the air  
And a lump seemed to come in my throat.  
But hark—a roar like the surging sea  
Arose from the crowded stand,  
'Twas the sweetest music I ever heard  
And I've listened to Sousa's band;  
Through the frantic crowd I caught a glimpse  
With an eager anxious eye,  
Of a flash of green and a dash of gold  
As Dick pulled out to try.

“Say, Kelly, you've seen a rabbit dart  
With its ears flat on its back,  
When life hung in the balance  
With the hounds upon its track;  
You've seen a turkey buzzard  
Seem to stand still in the sky,  
And then swoop down on your chickens  
With no trusty shot gun nigh,  
You've seen a graceful sail boat  
Helpless like with empty sail,  
And you've seen it scudding homeward  
When it felt the welcome gale,  
Well, I don't know how it happened,  
But I always will declare,  
He picked her up and placed her  
Beside the other mare.

Past the flag man,  
Past the draw gate,  
On into the human lane  
They were racing as two pacers  
Ne'er will race that track again,  
Each driver with the cunning  
That an artist can command  
Was working like a demon  
With a voice and whip and hand,  
And Richard, leaning over,  
With determined voice and clear  
Was shouting, Sadie, Sadie, Sadie,  
In her ear.

"The crowd was fairly frantic,  
Every man was on his feet yelling madly  
Though no one was sure  
Which mare had won the heat,  
But I heard the judges whisper  
That the hobbled mare was first,  
And I suddenly decided to liquiate my thirst.  
Jock didn't seem to be quite so glad  
That I came to town that day,  
But he said as he counted out the roll,  
'Welcome as the flowers in May;'  
He's a mighty jolly fellow  
And I know he meant it, too,  
When he said, 'Si, come tomorrow,  
I'll save something good for you.

"Well, old Skinner got his money  
And perhaps it saved his life,  
But I took about three hundred home  
And gave it ot my wife.

I did not intend to tell her  
But next day she says, says she,  
'Joe, there's one very knotty problem  
That you must explain to me.  
You have always been respected,  
Have your senses taken flight,  
Who is this Sadie, Sadie,  
That you talk about all night?'  
She had me in a pocket  
And so I sat right down  
And told her all that happened  
The day I went to town.  
And we sort o' courted over  
And decided then and there  
To raise another Sadie  
From the old roan mare;  
And we've got her, she's a pippin,  
Just as fat and smooth and round,  
And I've broken her to harness  
And she's absolutely sound.

"But times have changed;  
I bought the land old Skinner had  
And annexed another eighty  
That I purchased from my Dad;  
We have got a brand new auto,  
Just as slick as slick can be,  
But I wouldn't give that filly  
For all of them I ever see.  
It's got a clock upon it  
All fixed up for style and show  
That tells you just how far you've been  
And where you want to go,



**"WHERE THE BLOSSOMS DRIFT IN MAY"**

There is only one more contraption  
They could add to the con-sarned thing,  
That would tell me how much it was going to  
cost

And what it would finally bring.  
I've worked a piece of highway,  
Till it's smooth and flat and straight,  
Just a half a mile from the big white elm  
To the maple at the gate,  
And, Kelly, you ought to see them step,  
That filly and that machine;  
It brings me a vision of by-gone days  
And two coats of black and green.

"The old roan mare has left us  
And we tearfully laid her away  
Out in the apple orchard  
Where the blossoms drift in May.

And oft in the summer evenings  
We stroll there, me and my wife,  
And thank the Giver of all good gifts  
For the better things of life.  
Some people think religion  
Is all a sort o' fudge,  
But somehow it brings us nearer  
To the Great Presiding Judge.

"Yes, Kelly, I'm starting the filly  
Next week at the County Fair,  
My friends will be in the grandstand  
And I want you to be there;  
I hardly think she'll make a break  
But I want to be sure and win  
With just a little more room for mine,  
No more of that rambling in;  
So I came for a pair of Hobbles  
And, Kelly, I implore,  
Be sure and pick me out a set  
Just like Old Sadie wore."





## A FRIEND

A friend is a fellow who knows your faults,  
Who sees all your ins and outs ;  
A chap whose loyalty never halts,  
And who never a moment doubts ;  
A pal who's with you where'er you go  
From the start to the very end,  
Who lends a hand when you stub your toe—  
That's what I call a friend.



"UHLAN" 1:58

### TO UHLAN

Oh King dethroned, within whose placed eyes  
There lurks "The look of Eagles" as of old,  
I wonder if you do not oft surmise  
The place in human hearts you safely hold.  
I wonder if you do not look askance  
On many things that men and nations do,  
You who have never missed a chance  
To serve your master just the best you knew.  
I wonder if your honest heart rebels  
At man's gross inhumanity to man;  
I wonder if your indignation swells,  
Pray, answer me, ex-monarch, if you can.

Were you not piqued when o'er the Great Divide  
The tidings of your rival's feats were known?  
Did you not long to measure stride for stride  
Ere you resigned the glories of your throne?

A throne indeed, the sea you love  
Will murmur melodies awhile you sleep  
And purple mountains far above  
Like sentries tall their vigils keep.

Your lines are cast in pleasant ways  
And still your eyes confirm the truth,  
You're longing for those yesterdays  
And for an hour of speed and youth.

You long for Proctor's guiding hand,  
You hark for Tanner's pleading voice,  
You loved the plaudits of the stand,  
Its tumult made your heart rejoice.

But you have nobly done your best,  
Those flying feet have never swerved,  
Let no regrets disturb your rest,  
For Youth must always first be served.

Alas our reign is all too brief,  
A few short days of strength and might,  
For Time steals on us like a thief,  
And then—it's night.



## THOSE OLD HIGH WHEELS

Just a quaint, old-fashioned sulky,  
Standing in a dusty mow,  
But its form grotesque and bulky  
Charms my fancy even now,  
And I halt my explorations  
As this antique rig I scan  
To approve the rude creation  
Of some old-time artisan.

Timid pigeons coo and flutter  
As my warning steps intrude  
And the red-head on the gutter  
Drums a noisy interlude;  
Full the ample mow and fragrant  
With the scent of new mown hay,  
So I find myself a vagrant  
Dreaming of a by-gone day.

Musing there beneath the shingles  
Where the sunlight filters through,  
How my truant memory mingles  
With the scenes that sulky knew.  
With the horses that once drew it,  
With the men it served so well,  
And the list as now I view it  
Seems to hold me in its spell.

There is Goldsmith Maid and Rarus,  
And Maud S. and Billie Bair,  
And Splan and Orrin Hickok,  
Was there ever such a pair?  
There's St. Julian and Trinket,  
Palo Alto and Sunol,  
And a score of others answer  
As my fancy calls the roll.

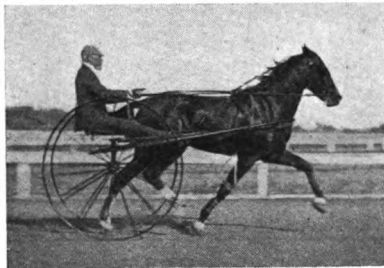
Then comes Woodruff, Mace and Murphy,  
Household names in by-gone days,  
Honest Charlie Ford and Hopeful,  
What a loyal pair of grays,  
Dexter with his four white stockings,  
Smuggler with his pounds of weight,  
And with Charlie Marvin driving  
Next comes jogging through the gate.

Lucy, George M. Patchen, Tackey,  
Red Cloud drawing Johnnie Wade,  
Now report to draw positions,  
What a record each one made.  
Arab, Maxie Cobb and Phallas,  
Clingstone, too, and Jay Eye See  
Are among the many others  
That come scoring down to me.

Rowdy Boy and Mattie Hunter,  
Sleepy Tom and Buffalo Girl,  
Johnston, Direct and Hal Pointer,  
Names that keep my brain awirl,  
Tommy Lynn and Patsey Clinker,  
Silver Tail and Daisy D.  
Speers, Longfellow Whip and Williams,  
Billie Ham and Lottie P.

Badger Girl, Cozette, Observer,  
I was but a youngster then,  
But I have a fond remembrance  
Of old Big Soap and Lew Glenn,  
Benson, Chandler, Grimes and Curry,  
All have heard the final call,  
And McHenry, cool and crafty,  
Doubtless wizard of them all.

Gone, alas, those steeds and drivers,  
But I know they'll reconvene  
Up there by the placid waters,  
In the pastures evergreen,  
And I'm thankful for the vision  
That is brought to me so oft  
By that quaint old high wheel sulky  
Standing in the stable loft.

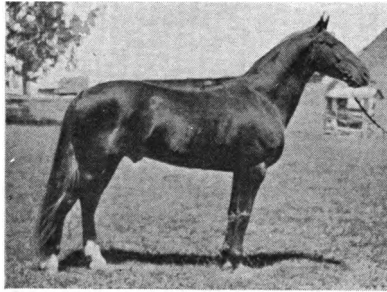




**E. F. GEERS**

Like some gnarled oak that through the tempests lasts  
And grows more sturdy with those trying blasts  
So you have grown, undaunted, unapproachable, alone.  
Temptation knocks unheeded at your door  
And hurries on to fields that promise more;  
Misfortune halts you, but no factor stays  
The even tenor of your winning ways.  
Rich in the things that make a man,  
May you live on like that old oak apace  
Far into and beyond the span  
That marks our cradle and our resting place.  
Oh, cunning hand and magic name,

Oh, shades of old Hal Pointer and the rest,  
No pair has ever yet been known to fame  
That stir the same emotions in my breast,  
And so when Spring time birds come flocking back  
To haunts and homes they loved in other years  
We come to loiter at the trotting track  
And worship at the shrine of "Massa Geers."  
May time and tide that do not wait  
Deal kindly with us here below,  
But may they please just hesitate,  
"Doggone it," Pop, we love you so.







A FRONT WHEEL IS MISSING

### THAT DEMOCRAT WAGON OF DAD'S

I found it today half hidden away  
In a tangle of brush and of weeds,  
Not far from the spot where the children play  
And the path to the old orchard leads;  
And oh, what a myriad of memories abide  
Of those long-ago lassies and lads  
That gathered around and just begged for a ride  
In that democrat wagon of Dad's.

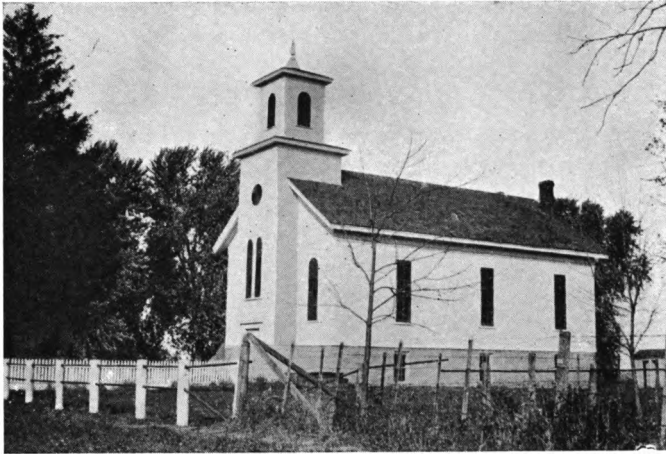
A front wheel is missing, the dashboard is bent,  
The birds have built nests 'neath the seat;  
The leather upholstery is tattered and rent,  
Its passing is almost complete;  
And yet as I view it, it lightens my load  
And I'm back once again as a lad  
When bronzed and barefooted I trudged down the  
road  
For a ride in that wagon with Dad.

No varnish adorns it, the sun and the shine  
Have vanquished the paint it once knew;  
An elm hovers o'er it, a friendly old vine  
Strives to hide its defects from my view;  
But I can't be denied, so I brush them aside  
While I think of the fun that I've had  
As I climbed to his side on that seat for a ride  
In that Democrat wagon with Dad.

For years it was given the choicest abode  
Till an auto appeared on the scene,  
And then the old wagon was lost to the road  
Crowded out by a gaudy machine;  
The tool house now claimed it and answered its needs  
Till a tractor came puffing along,  
And then it was left to repose in the weeds,  
Lulled to sleep by the meadow lark's song.

How oft in the days that have taken to flight  
Have I pictured those scenes o'er and o'er,  
Of Father and Mother returning at night  
And the goodies the old wagon bore;  
There were bushels of buckwheat and oysters and  
things  
That made a boy's heart superglad,  
And so I rejoice that my memory clings  
To that democrat wagon and Dad.

On Sunday it took us to worship and prayer  
In the white meeting house on the hill,  
Forgotten the sermons we listened to there  
But the wagon remains with us still.



THE WHITE MEETING HOUSE ON THE HILL

And then in the Autumn, the season's work o'er,  
We drove to the fair every day,  
And how I would tease Dad and clamor for more  
If we raced just a bit on the way.

For Father contended a man wasn't bad  
Just because he loved horses a lot;  
I've followed his pretext and so from a lad  
I have worshipped a horse that could trot;  
I've a boy of my own that can drive a big car  
But I've watched him and know it is true,  
He don't get the pleasure, as fast as they are,  
That his Dad and his Grandfather knew.

And so as I view it my boyhood returns  
And a mist sort o' comes to my eyes;  
I'll frankly confess that my heart fairly yearns  
For those far-away days that I prize,  
The neighbors, the schoolhouse, the village and all  
For the country I loved as a lad,  
But the happiest moments that I can recall  
Were spent in that wagon with Dad.

We are told that when life with its trouble and fuss  
Shall end and our journey is o'er,  
A palid old boatman is waiting for us  
With a barque for a far-away shore,  
Our finish is plain and we can not remain,  
But I'd welcome the change and be glad,  
If I could be sure I would nestle secure  
In that Democrat Wagon with Dad.



"A SILENCE REIGNS UPON THE HILL"

## AWAY

The shades are down across the way,  
Unspotted lies the snow and still,  
The giant oaks their vigils keep,  
A silence reigns upon the hill;  
We look away across the lawn  
Where merry parties once held sway,  
But all the house is dark and lone,  
The shades are down across the way.

We miss the children's noisy play,  
They do not care the hill to climb  
As once they did when they could stay  
At Grandma's until supper time;  
The wind seems sighing since they left,  
The beagles have a mournful bey,  
In fact, the whole bluff seems bereft,  
The shades are down across the way.



THE OLD ELM AT ITS BACK

### THE SECRETARY MAN

Dear Patron of the "Sport of Kings,"  
Did it ever occur to you  
That a real live secretary  
Has a few odd jobs to do?  
Did you ever stop to ponder  
How much time is all his own  
From the day his dates are published  
Till his deficit is shown?  
Did you ever chance to chide him  
'Cause he overlooked your name  
For a complimentary ticket?  
Don't you think he was to blame?  
Did he give your groom the choicest stall  
There was upon the track

Close to the well and paddock  
With the old elm at its back?  
Did he have the "chamber" bedded?  
Did he have a room for you  
Just outside the track enclosure  
That was cool and fresh and new?  
Could he tell the name and breeding  
Of the horse in every stall?  
Did he know how fast the pacers



THE BOYS WHO ROLL THE BANDAGE

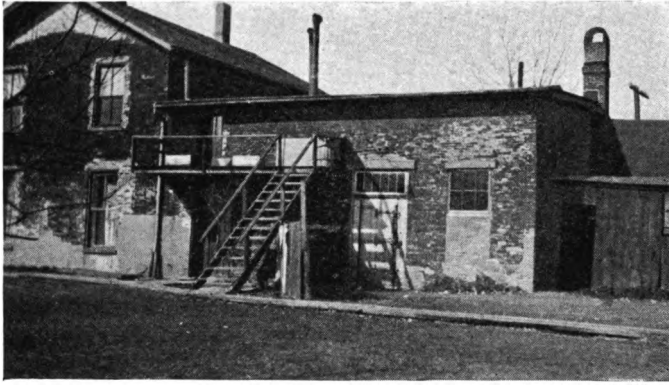
Would go in the free-for-all?  
Did the bookies get your money?  
'Twas the secretary's fault,  
He should have had the judges  
Very promptly call a halt  
When your ticket wasn't winning,  
But of course he didn't know  
When you bet your last two dollars  
That your pacer couldn't show.

Did he sell box four to Smithy?  
 Did he sell box three to Hall?  
 He should surely have known better  
 Why their wives don't speak at all.  
 Was he right there with the money  
 When your trotter's race was o'er?  
 Was his track hard enough for the sound ones  
 And soft enough for the sore?  
 Was your laundry ticket settled?  
 Did you get an extra pass?  
 Did you win a heat in 'leven  
 And stay in the twenty class?  
 Did he charge your entrance money?  
 Did he have a big boquet  
 Waiting for you at the station  
 On the day you shipped away?  
 Were the winners always happy  
 And the losers never sore?  
 Did he work full twenty hours  
 And more of the twenty-four?  
 If he did you've found the fellow  
 Who's entitled to the crown,  
 For he's picked up the burden  
 Where we all have thrown it down,  
 And I add my humble tribute  
 To that secretary's skill,  
 He's the man behind the cannon,  
 He's the flour in the mill;  
 So I drink in silent homage  
 To the men who boost the game,  
 To the boys who roll the bandage  
 And the chap who rides to fame,



To the breeder and the trainer  
And to all the horseman clan,  
But I drain my cup the deepest  
To the secretary man.





A HAVEN OF REST WHEN THE WINTER WINDS BLOW

### REFLECTIONS OF A ROVER

The old city bastile—How plain it appears  
As I view it again through the mist of the years;  
Though rivers and mountains and plains intervene  
I see it again as on memory's screen;  
How many a time in the days that have passed  
It has sheltered us well from the pitiless blast,  
And its old battered walls seemed a kingly abode  
When its doors swung ajar for the knights of the  
road.  
I see them again, though unbidden I rove,  
The fellows who camped 'round the old cannon  
stove.  
There was Paddy the fifer, whose merry old flute  
Harbored music no artist would dare to refute;  
The bats on the rafters and rats on the floor  
Were charmed by the strains of his Rory O'Moore,

And when Paddy's overture echoed away  
A Thespian bold rendered part of a play ;  
'Twas said by his friends that he promised in youth  
To rival a Mansfield, or Barrett or Booth ;  
There was Tommy the toper, and Rattle Trap Jack,  
The latter a title he gained on the track ;  
There were men of all nations and men of all creeds  
Who listened while others recounted their deeds ;  
Just a care-free collection of innocent chaps  
With the wanderlust habit prevailing perhaps,  
And a thirst unrelentingly begging each morn  
For the poison that lurks in the heart of the corn.  
No costly contraptions the old bastile knew,  
But a haven of rest when the Winter winds blew ;  
So I'm longing tonight to hit the back trail  
And slumber again in the old city jail ;  
It's welcome and warmth brought a vision of home  
And I cannot forget it where ever I roam.  
You may laugh, if you like, sir, but what is the use  
To chide me for loving the old calaboose.



JOE WAS TEN TO A DAY

### THE CHESTNUT HORSE AND JOE

“Just a chestnut horse,” the neighbors said,  
As they saw him led away,  
And they marveled much at the tears I shed  
And the anguish I felt that day,  
For that chestnut horse had a place in my heart  
Where the angels I worship dwell,  
And he seemed of my very life a part,  
So this is the tale I tell.

Joe was ten to a day when he found the mare  
With the new born foal at her side,  
While with a proud and zealous air  
She watched the youngster’s ambling stride,

And Joe with nimble feet and bare  
Dashed down the garden path in leaps  
To bring me tidings of my favorite mare  
And ask me if the colt was his "for keeps."

"Oh, Dad, it's a wonderful foal," he said,  
"With eyes like the sky above,  
And a queer white mark in its little head  
Like the stars in the flag we love.  
You'll let me name him now, of course,  
Since you've given him all to me,  
I'm going to make him a fighting horse  
And call him My Liberty."

Ah, little soldier with sun-kissed hair,  
Your boyhood dreams came true,  
Those two gold stars in the window there  
Mean the chestnut horse and you.  
I helped Joe break him to drive and ride  
And they won at the County Show,  
While all the neighbors far and wide  
Knew the chestnut horse and Joe.

The happy years that came between  
Brought never a thought of fate  
Till the lad at last had reached eighteen  
And the horse was counted eight;  
And then the call to the colors came  
And my boy was first to go,  
But the chestnut horse never seemed the same  
After saying good-bye to Joe.

A neighbor's boy was mustered in,  
He had been Joe's dearest chum;  
They promised to stick through thick and thin  
And to write if harm should come.  
I hitched the chestnut up alone  
And took the boys to the train,  
Somehow the skies had darker grown,  
And from the clouds the tear drops came.  
While the precious moments flew away  
Joe whispered half in fun,  
"Send Liberty over to me some day  
To help me catch a Hun.

"You know I'll love him where'er I am,  
And the world is not so wide;  
Just sell him some day to Uncle Sam  
And we'll meet on the other side."  
The train passed on with its clanging bell,  
And the light of my life went too;  
It seemed, alas, like some awful knell  
As it disappeared from view.

The season wearily wore away  
With its hopes and doubts and fears,  
Joe's face before me day by day  
And his words in my aching ears.  
So I sold the horse of my joy and pride  
To a captain I met by chance,  
To do his bit on the "Other Side"  
With the khaki boys in France.

Ah, little wonder the world stood still  
And my tears in abundance fell  
As the chestnut turned at the top of the hill  
And whinnied a last farewell.  
The letters that came were full of cheer  
And one held a poppy bloom,  
The end of the war seemed very near  
And the boys would be with us soon.

The Yanks were hot on the Boche's track,  
They were beating the hated Huns;  
And Pershing was pushing them steadily back  
In spite of their gas and guns;  
And then—a letter from Joe's best friend,  
"Sir, I promised to let you know,  
They fought together to the end,  
The chestnut horse and Joe."  
"Don't grieve," it said, "for the cause is won.  
And they really have not died,  
Their glorious lives have just begun—  
They have met on the Other Side."

Just a chestnut horse and a boy so fair,  
Two forms that were stark and cold,  
But the searchers paused in silent prayer  
For the stars that had turned to gold.  
And so each year as the Spring comes 'round,  
I shall think of the poppies that blow  
And nod their heads o'er the grassy mound  
Of the Chestnut Horse and Joe.



A HAND SHAKE AND HOW DO YOU DO

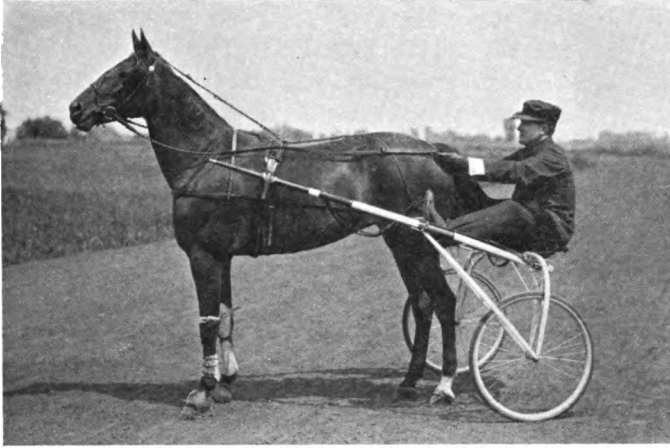
### THE OLD-TIME FAIR

Oh Autumn, bring me back the days  
I dreamed the dreams of a boy,  
Before I had learned the world and its ways  
And life was one round of joy;  
Bring me a vision of old-time friends,  
A hand shake and How-do-ye-do,  
One hour now could make amends  
For the pain of a whole life through;  
Bring me those moments free from care  
And the patter of feet at the score;  
Bring me one day of the old-time fair,  
I will never ask for more;



Bring me a tune from the old-time band,  
A glimpse of the old-time course,  
Bring the applause of the crowded stand  
As it cheers for the winning horse;  
Bring me the chicken dinners rare,  
Bring all of these, I say;  
Revive, O Autumn, your old-time fair,  
And bring me one yesterday.





### CHARLES E. DEAN

I would not count that he alone  
Has won profound success  
Because a monumental stone  
Proclaims his mightiness;  
I would not call that fellow great  
Because his lands are wide  
And potentates from every state  
Come flocking to his side;  
Though bonds may fill his ample vaults  
And wealth be everywhere  
I could not overlook his faults  
If he had been unfair.

But if he builds a little cot  
With roses here and there,  
If children come to bless his lot  
With joy beyond compare,  
If pets come trooping to his call,  
If, by his ways serene,  
He leads a pacer from her stall  
And makes of her a queen;  
If he has brought to this old sphere  
A wealth of pleasure, I'll confess  
He's learned the art of living here  
And earned his title to success.  
Then would I call him truly great  
For surely he has more than wealth  
Whose friends from sea to sea await  
The anxious tidings of his health,  
For lands and bonds and wealth take wings  
But honest hands and cheery smile  
We find are the essential things  
That go to make this life worth while.



## CASEY JONES

(A true story in verse with apologies.)

Listen, my fellows, and you shall get  
A tale of the ride of Splint Barnett.  
'Twas the tenth of October in Nineteen 'leven  
And few of us all this side of Heaven  
Will witness a show like the one we saw  
Take place on the banks of the raging Kaw.

The American Royal show was on  
And from far and near the fans had come  
To see Missouri, proud and great,  
Win blues from every other state,  
And all the poultry and sheep and swine,  
The mule maligned and the loving kine  
Had garnered the honor and glory too  
That came from winning the Royal blue.  
The shades of night closed o'er the scene  
And found all tranquil and serene;  
But hark—the bugle calls, and lo,  
The gate swings wide for the night horse show.

The building from door to dome is filled  
But the surging crowd at last is stilled  
And all the boxes seem to be  
So filled with the flower of chivalry  
That old-time Romans in their might  
Would have envied the Royal on this night.  
A gaited class is in the ring,  
All trying for that subtle thing called fame

To which we all aspire,  
 Who ever rise from out the mire.  
 And well they might be proud to win,  
 For every rider of renown  
 From Old Kentucky's rippling rills  
 To Old Missouri's Ozark hills  
 Has gathered there in K. C. town.  
 The cheers for each are long and loud  
 As they dash in splendor before the crowd,  
 But all are lost in a mighty roar  
 As a chestnut comes racking through the door,  
 And sitting astride his famous pet  
 Is the sphinx-like form of "Splint" Barnett.

They walked, and walked they all so fine  
 One scarcely could tell the best in line;  
 They trotted, and the Barnett mount  
 Just seemed to put them all to rout;  
 They racked, and how "Splint's" horse could whiz!  
 It looked as though the blue was his;  
 They cantered, and all but Barnett's steed  
 Responded promptly on either lead.  
 Line up, line up, and they did their best  
 To pose each horse for the final test.  
 "What horse is this with rack so fine,"  
 Asked the judge of "Splint" as they wheeled in  
 line,  
 "Why, why," he answered in accents bold,  
 "He's just a baby, a four-year-old.  
 Fact is, Mr. Judge, he's half-past three,  
 I knows, 'cause they raised him close to me.  
 Yes, Mr. Judge, he's oil in the can,  
 He's named for a famous railroad man;

He's not in a class with those other bones,  
This horse, Mr. Judge, is Casey Jones."  
But "Splint" felt shaky in the knees  
When the judge said, "Let him canter, please."  
"Why, why, Mr. Judge, he cantered before,  
You surely don't need to see him more;  
I lets him canter most every day,  
You must have been looking the other way."  
"Well, well," said the judge, "why all this fuss,  
He's got to canter here, for us;  
And if he don't, you know it's true  
He hasn't a chance to win the blue."

So "Splint" leaned over the chestnut's neck  
And promised him many a half a peck;  
He coaxed and threatened and whipped and spurred  
But Casey racked on like a flying bird,  
And when the judges waved him in  
Our hero murmured with some chagrin,  
"Casey Jones, just half-past three,  
You've had your last square meal with me;  
No pesterin' houn' dog like you are  
Can ever ride in my old freight car."  
And John Hook whispered on his right,  
" 'Splint,' his memory's mighty bad tonight."  
And Cohen and Moores and Woods and Bass  
Still chide him gently as they pass.

And so the name of Casey Jones  
Has been saved from the list of the world's un-  
knowns,  
And horsemen each year as the equines show  
Will recount his deeds in the twilight's glow,  
And dream of the past as the story they tell  
Of a horse who did all but canter well.



### BACK HOME

Back Home! Ah, wondrous words are those  
That every weary wanderer knows,  
For cast about where'er we may  
We plan to go back home some day;  
Across the miles that intervene  
The prairies seem a bit more green,  
The skies still seem a bit more blue  
And old-time friends a bit more true  
Back Home.

Back home a chill is in the air,  
But surely hearts are warmer there;  
The flowers that come where snowdrifts lie  
Will be the sweeter bye-and-bye;  
The morn may be a trifle gray  
But breezes blow the clouds away,  
And sunshine will come smiling through  
As if to help to welcome you  
Back Home.

Back home I hope the neighbors say  
They miss me since I've been away;  
There's many that can take my place  
And fill it with a kindlier grace;  
There's many that can do my tasks,  
And yet I hope somebody asks  
Of someone that they chance to see  
Just when they are expecting me  
Back Home.

Back Home—but one must go away  
To grasp the thoughts those words convey,  
For when you wander 'round the land  
You long to grasp an old friend's hand;  
You long to see that old-time smile,  
Awaiting for him all the while,  
To say, in that familiar voice,  
"Old Pal, your friends will all rejoice  
That you're Back Home."





## REVERIES

### (In California)

The papers say it's snowing  
Far across the Great Divide,  
And I feel I should be going  
Back to take one more sleigh ride;  
Sun and flowers all together  
I'll agree are mighty fine,  
But I miss the Winter weather  
That belongs to Christmas time.

There seems a bit of friction  
Twixt this date and nature's laws,  
And it's difficult to picture  
Summer things with Santa Claus;  
I opine it's more in keeping  
When he comes the same old way,  
With his bells and antlered reindeer  
And the same old battered sleigh.

Of course they try to tell us  
Santa has a limousine,  
But 'twould spoil my Merry Christmas  
If it smelled of gasoline;  
And when his style is altered  
It will multiply my joys  
To see a pair of trotters  
Distributing the toys.

There was something sort o' bracing  
In the days I used to know,  
And it kept your blood a-racing  
When 'twas twenty-six below;  
It was then we banked the stable  
And thawed out the kitchen pump  
While a thousand other duties  
Kept us always on the jump.



I can picture now the kitchen  
Where my Mother baked the cakes,  
And stuffed the bags with sausage  
Like no city butcher makes,  
And when Dad came to breakfast  
He would slap his hands and say,  
"Well, it snowed a good ten inches,  
We will use the bobs today."

We would fill the box up deeply  
With a wealth of golden straw ;  
A modern carriage heater  
Was a thing we never saw ;  
But a pair of downy blankets  
And a "buffalo" or two  
Afforded more real comfort  
Than an auto ever knew.

Sometimes when the winds were blowing  
And the cold was most intense,  
It just kept on a-snowing  
Till 'twas higher than the fence ;  
We'd cross the fields and shovel  
Until we reached the town,  
But oh, I loved the Winter  
When we got the bobsleds down.

Strange they always took me shopping  
Until Christmas time was near,  
Then they held wierd consultations  
Meant for no small boy to hear,  
And I noticed one large closet  
Where I always played before  
Was kept securely fastened  
And no key was in the door.

And then on Christmas evening,  
When the church was all aglow,  
And a million tiny diamonds  
Seemed to sparkle in the snow,

All the mystery was ended,  
For the gifts upon the tree  
Were the contents of that closet  
That the bobsled brought to me.

Dear old bobsled, staunch and sturdy,  
Helpmeet of the pioneers,  
Memory like a sacred halo  
Hovers o'er you through the years;  
Some day when the snow is falling  
Thick on village church and store,  
Hope I hear some boy's dad calling,  
"Get the bobsleds down" once more.



## WHEN SHE WAS HERE

When she was here, the one I loved and lost,  
Joy reigned supreme, I counted not the cost;  
The happy years that sped away  
Were as but weeks,  
The weeks as but a day.  
The house that once her presence filled  
Re-echoes not the voice that's stilled;  
Her sacred room when I intrude  
But greets me with its solitude;  
I worship for her own dear sake  
The homey things she used to make  
When she was here.

When she was here no favor I could ask  
Would seem to her in any way a task;  
A word, a smile, a fond caress  
Would prompt me to a new success;  
The flowers that she loved and reared  
Have for the moment disappeared  
But to return each Spring to grace  
The verdure of her resting place;  
The birds will nest where oft before  
She watched them from the open door,  
While half expectant in his stall  
A trotter listens for her call,  
And pets still wistfully await  
The step they welcomed at the gate  
When she was here.

When she was here the magic of her hand  
Was something I could never understand.  
The touch that soothed my aching brow  
I'll feel no more, and yet somehow  
There shines about me all the while  
The radiance of that loved one's smile.  
I can not see her but I feel  
Her queenly presence as I kneel  
And thank the gracious Lord divine  
For that dear helpmate that was mine;  
And so with His aid I will be  
The man that she would make of me  
If she were here.



### THE ROAD TO EVERYWHERE

Oh little brown road that winds away  
And is lost to sight in the twilight gray,  
Just where would you guide my steps and why,  
If I your dusty trail should try?  
If I should impose my trust in you  
Would you take me to haunts that my childhood knew  
Or would you guide me safe and well  
To that distant land where the loved ones dwell?  
Pray, tell me more of your route and fare,  
Oh little brown road to everywhere.

Oh little brown road would you guide my feet  
To the land where the sky and the mountains meet,  
Or would you bring me safe and fast  
To the fields of grain and the prairies vast;  
Perhaps your path leads to the shore  
Where your trail is lost in the billow's roar,  
But whether it's ocean or mountain or plain,  
I beg you to take me home again,  
For all of the wealth of the world is there,  
Oh little brown road to everywhere.

## THE PICTURES ON THE WALL

I've a sacred little sanctum  
In a room that's all unkept ;  
There is dust upon the mantle  
And the floor is quite unswept,  
But I lock myself at evening  
In its solitude and hide  
Where the walls are hung with pictures  
That to me are sanctified.

There I lose the cares that cluster  
'Round the problems of the day,  
As I tilt my chair to visit  
With the friends so far away ;  
And they seem to smile and beckon  
As I greet them once again  
For a reminiscent hour  
In the silence of my den.

Saddles hang in yonder corner,  
Boots are standing by the door,  
Over there a cap and jacket  
That I don't use any more ;  
Cups and trophies on the table,  
Whips and ribbons, bits and shoes,  
And a funny old-time muzzle  
That the trainer now taboos.





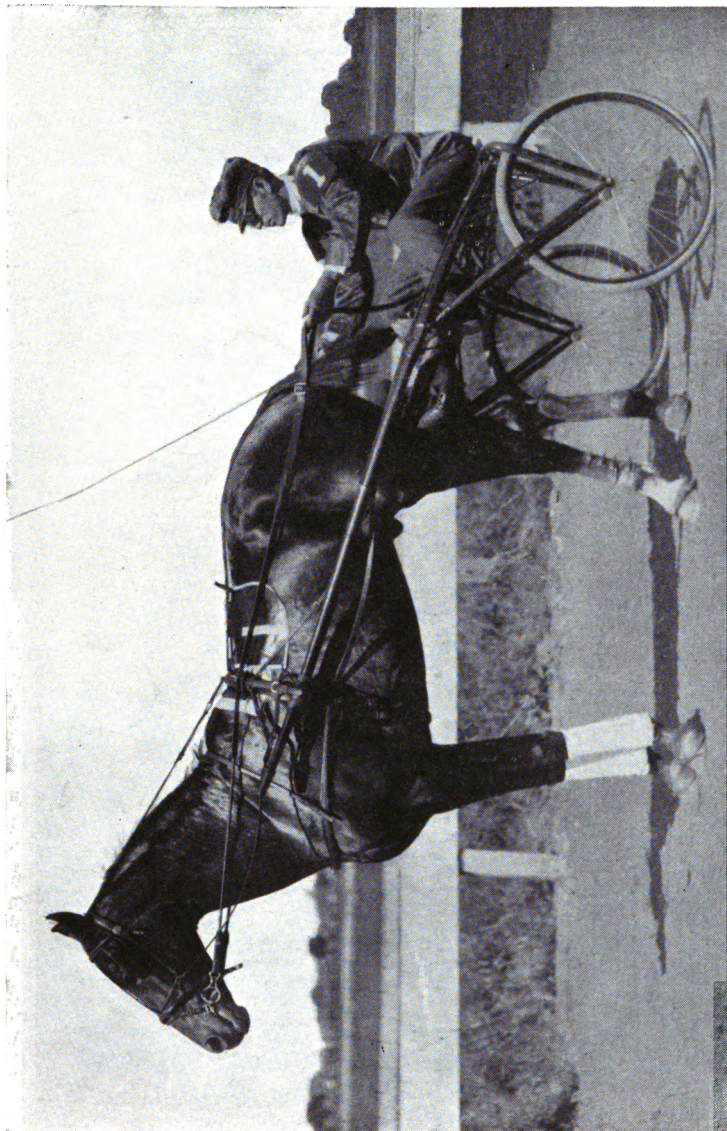
PETER MANNING 1:57 3/4

There's a host of old-time faces  
Beaming over famous steeds,  
While the ever ready Year Book  
Tells the story of their deeds;  
But tonight a dozen new ones  
Greet me when my work is done,  
'Tis the Calendar of Champions  
For Nineteen Twenty-one.

Peter Manning, King of Trotters,  
Monarch of the tribe alone,  
I can almost hear the footsteps  
That have borne you to the throne;  
But I turn the pages over  
And I wonder if you'll reign  
When another year is ended  
And my pictures come again.

How do ordinary mortals  
Look to you from up above,  
Fleet, determined, flying trotter,  
Product of the state I love.  
Fame is all too transitory  
As is glory and renown,  
Be ye watchful else your master  
Guides another to the crown.

Then a striking picture greets me  
As I turn the pages o'er  
Of another Murphy trotter  
That is knocking at the door;



SINGLE C 1:59

He stands at marked attention  
And the thing at which he stares  
Away off in the distance  
Is the crown that Manning wears.

There is not a man among us  
If we'd all admit the truth,  
But would turn the clock's hands backward  
To the joyous days of youth;  
Silently we pass the milestones  
And although we squirm and writhe  
We can't escape the notice  
Of the "Old Man with the Scythe."

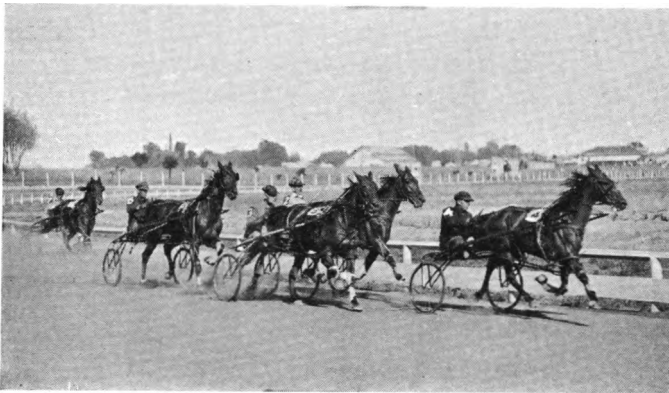
Thus I marvel, gentle reader,  
As I turn another page  
To Ed Allen and his pacer  
Bettered like the wine by age.  
Ponce de Leon's famous fountain  
With its praises widely sung  
Cannot equal Indiana  
When it comes to keeping young.

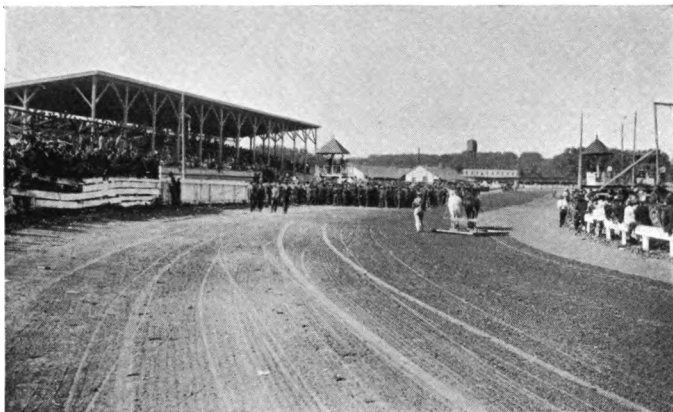
I would camp in Cambridge City  
If the Scythe Man would agree  
To pass me by unnoticed  
Just as he has Single G.  
Yes, I'd take my den and pictures  
To that charming Hoosier spot  
If old age would overlook me  
Like the Horse that time forgot.



Then I spend a happy hour  
With McDonald, Cox and Ray,  
Say He!lo to Sandy Taylor,  
Hear what Richard has to say;  
Have a chat with old friend Erwin,  
Look at Chase Dean's flying steed,  
And I find another evening  
Has passed pleasantly indeed.

All the family have retired,  
On the hearth the embers glow,  
As I sit alone and visit  
With the "Boys" I used to know;  
And I find unbounded comfort  
When the dusk of evening falls,  
Just to watch the friends and horses  
In the pictures on the walls.



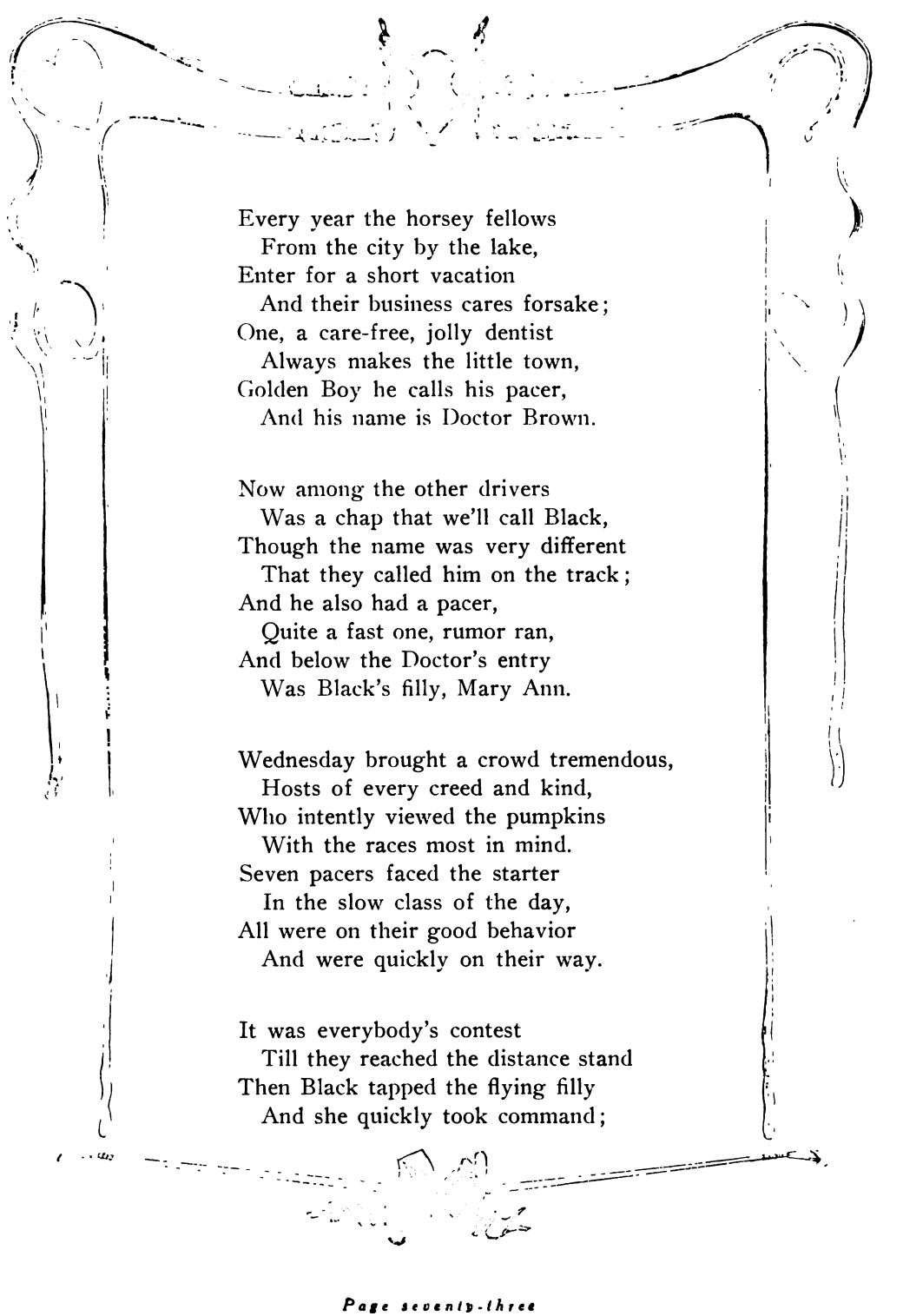


WHERE THEY STEP TO BEAT THE BAND

## HOW THE DOCTOR LOST AND WON

Have you ever heard the story  
Of the man who lost but won?  
Well, listen, fellow horsemen,  
And I'll tell you how 'twas done.

Back there in the prairie country  
Where the corn grows thick and tall,  
And where nearly every village  
Has a county fair each Fall,  
There's a nifty little race track  
Where they step to beat the band,  
And a judge who knows his business  
Issues orders from the stand.



Every year the horsey fellows  
From the city by the lake,  
Enter for a short vacation  
And their business cares forsake;  
One, a care-free, jolly dentist  
Always makes the little town,  
Golden Boy he calls his pacer,  
And his name is Doctor Brown.

Now among the other drivers  
Was a chap that we'll call Black,  
Though the name was very different  
That they called him on the track;  
And he also had a pacer,  
Quite a fast one, rumor ran,  
And below the Doctor's entry  
Was Black's filly, Mary Ann.

Wednesday brought a crowd tremendous,  
Hosts of every creed and kind,  
Who intently viewed the pumpkins  
With the races most in mind.  
Seven pacers faced the starter  
In the slow class of the day,  
All were on their good behavior  
And were quickly on their way.

It was everybody's contest  
Till they reached the distance stand  
Then Black tapped the flying filly  
And she quickly took command;

Doctor Brown was riding easy,  
Didn't seem to care a whit,  
Golden Boy had finished second  
And was plainly "on the bit."

Second heat and every starter  
Finished in the self-same place,  
Some declared it good as over,  
Mary Ann would win the race.  
Then a dark horse called The Joker  
Beat them in a furious drive,  
Doctor Brown still "buggy riding"  
While Black's mare was number five.

Fourth heat, and the Doctor's entry  
Quickly grabbed the inner rail,  
Black, content to take it easy,  
Coaxed his little mare to trail;  
Then the fifth and at its finish  
Golden Boy had won two heats,  
And the crowd now all excited  
Stretched and settled in their seats.

Brown and Black who knew the rule-book  
Thought no purse could compensate  
For the mark they'd get by winning  
So they planned "on being late."  
They alone came out to finish  
And it readily was seen  
That each driver had decided  
That he'd keep his pacer "green."



Just three times they scored demurely  
In a mild, half-hearted way;  
When the judge addressed the drivers,  
This is what he had to say:  
Mr. Black, you are a fellow  
That I thought was on the square,  
I'm not pleased, I can assure you,  
With the way you drive your mare;  
Now you take the Doctor's gelding  
And I warn you, Mr. Black,  
It will be your last appearance  
If you ever once look back.

Doctor Brown, the judge continued,  
You for years have graced this course,  
And no one could quite convince me  
That you'd really pull a horse;  
Yet you seem to fear the record  
And I've hit upon a plan  
That perhaps will save your bacon,  
You will drive Black's Mary Ann;  
Now you land her here a winner  
Or your patrons by the lake  
Will find you in your office  
When their teeth begin to ache.

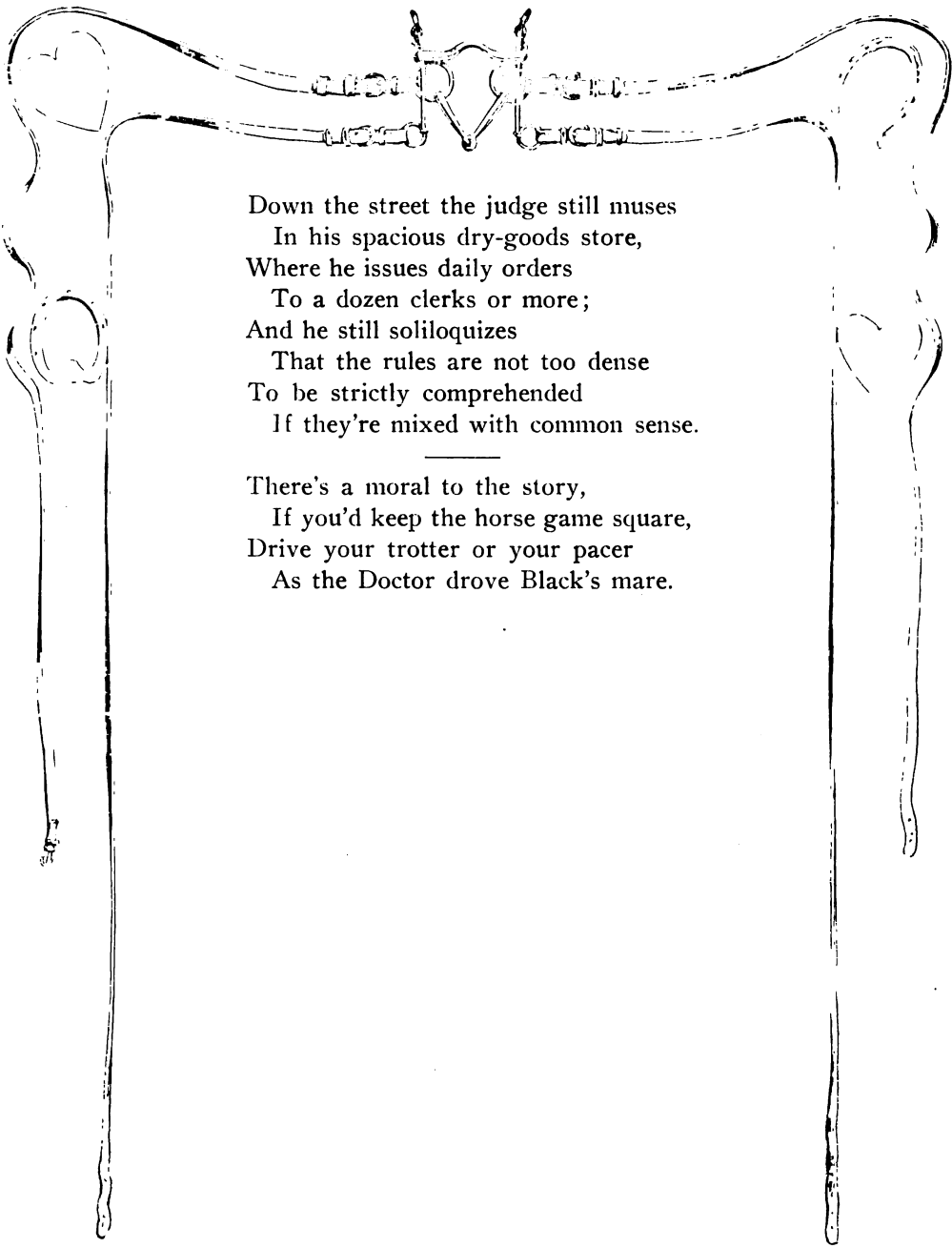
"Do you think he really means it,"  
And Brown's face was ashy white  
As he whispered to the Doctor  
Who was turning on the right,  
And the Doctor answered, "Does he?"  
Say, I've seen that judge before,

I'm not taking any chances,  
He'll do all he said and more."

Neck and neck they reached the quarter,  
Whips were popping thick and fast,  
On into the stretch they struggled,  
Just a question which could last,  
Past the half they still were pacing  
Like two demons hitched to pole,  
While the drivers' frantic efforts  
Proved each hoped to win the goal.  
Side by side the pacers staggered,  
Horse by horse and man by man,  
But the Doctor won by inches  
With the filly Mary Ann.

So the chaps that paid their money  
For admission at the gate,  
All agreed it was a corker,  
That the race was simply great;  
Black's bay mare had won the battle,  
Golden Boy had done his best,  
And a sort of satisfaction  
Hovered 'neath each driver's vest.

No reward is so enduring  
As the sense of duty done,  
It eclipses all the records  
And the money that you've won;  
Doctor Brown still races horses  
But he wins when e'er he can,  
For he don't forget the lesson  
That he learned with Mary Ann.



Down the street the judge still muses  
In his spacious dry-goods store,  
Where he issues daily orders  
To a dozen clerks or more;  
And he still soliloquizes  
That the rules are not too dense  
To be strictly comprehended  
If they're mixed with common sense.

---

There's a moral to the story,  
If you'd keep the horse game square,  
Drive your trotter or your pacer  
As the Doctor drove Black's mare.



## THE COUNTRY STORE

Plainly mirrored in my memory  
Are the scenes my boyhood knew,  
And I brush away the teardrops  
Just to get a better view  
Of the churchyard and the schoolhouse  
Which I picture o'er and o'er,  
But I cherish most the glimpses  
Of that old-time country store.

There it was we used to gather  
When the chores were done at night,  
Every topic from the weather  
To the war was settled right,

And the leaders of the nation  
For a hundred years or more  
Could have gained some information  
At that old-time country store.

On the left side were the groceries  
And soap and tinware bright,  
While the calicoes and gingham  
Were piled up on the right ;  
In the back the syrup barrels  
And the apple cider kegs  
Were flanked with jars of butter  
And baskets filled with eggs.

Uncle Sam had graced the structure  
With his presence, so to speak,  
And we used to mail a letter  
Or receive one every week ;  
But the evenings when the fellers  
Was silent like and dumb,  
Was when the mail man whispered,  
"Boys, the trottin' paper's come."

Oh the thrills that went a-kiting  
Up my spine and down my back  
As I listened to the tidings  
Of the doings on the track,  
Just how Nancy Hanks had triumphed,  
How the "Pointer Hoss" had won,  
Held us all in wrapt attention  
When the trottin' papers come.

How Axtel had broke the record  
And how Allerton had raced,  
Of the miles that John R. Gentry,  
Robert J. and Patchen Paced,  
National issues were forgotten  
When young Online paced in four  
And we read the trottin' papers  
In the old-time country store.

Little wonder that I'm yearning  
Though I roam in distant lands,  
For I find my fancies turning  
Back to where the old store stands ;  
Once again I tie my chestnut  
To the gnawed and whittled rail,  
Once again I ask the postman,  
Please to bring me out my mail.

Once again I greet my schoolmates,  
Once again I grope my way  
Up the creaking wooden stairway  
Where the old band used to play ;  
All is quiet like and silent  
And I lift the laggard latch  
Just to catch a strain of music  
That no modern band can match.

Ah, the old days all have vanished,  
I would be a stranger there,  
I would find an automobile  
Standing where I tied my mare,

And I'd find the old store vacant  
And the band dispersed and gone,  
Leaving like the birds of Summer,  
Just a memory of their song.

Now I read about the racers  
In a most obtrusive way,  
How the pacers beat two minutes  
Almost any Autumn day,  
But I'd give my earthly holdings  
Just to live those years once more  
When we read the trottin' papers  
In that quaint old country store.



**BUDD DOBLE**

**REWARD**

When a trotter is nearing the end of a race  
And struggles along in the lead,  
When his driver endeavors to quicken his pace  
To win from some threatening steed,  
I am sure there is nothing that prompts him to try  
One last final effort to land  
And capture the heat from the one rushing by  
Like the frenzied applause from the stand.



When an actor has cleverly mastered his lines  
Though the play may be weary and long,  
The curtain is lifted a number of times  
To appease the demands of the throng;  
I am certain that when he at last ventures out  
To make a short speech and appears  
The greatest reward that is his, beyond doubt,  
Is the ringing applause in his ears.

When a fellow has journeyed o'er life's rugged  
track  
Full eighty long laps to success,  
There are few who can say as they proudly look  
back  
That they've played the game fair, I'll confess.  
For life's greatest winning is not in the gold  
Or the pleasures that riches ensnare,  
But the sweetest reward, when the story is told,  
Comes from knowing we played on the square.

I have just such a friend that I point to with pride,  
Who has toiled bravely on toward the goal,  
He never has carried another man wide  
Or crowded the chap at the pole;  
So here's my reward in a toast to his health,  
Till the stars in the heavens grow dim,  
The world needs not money to count as its wealth  
But a million more fellows like him.



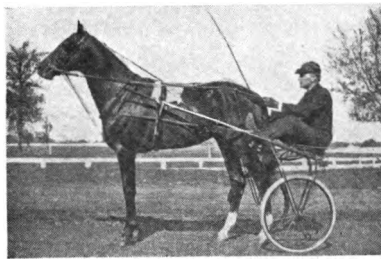
### McMAHON'S BOY

Said "Zeekel" Smith to Ezra Moore  
As they whittled away at the village store,  
"I see that McMahon boy is back  
That made a name upon the track  
A-drivin' hosses fast and slow;  
They say he's made a lot of dough;  
I told the neighbors down my way  
That lad would make his mark some day,  
And now that he has made plum good  
I'm glad, because I knowed he would.  
It hardly seems a dozen year  
Since he was messin' 'round us here,  
Playin' horse and catchin' frogs  
And tyin' cans to all the dogs;  
I never yet could see just how

He got that heifer in the mow  
Of Jim Brown's barn, where seven men  
Could scarcely get her down again,  
Or how he got Si's chicken coop  
On top of Widow Johnston's stoop.  
But that was years and years ago,  
And now I'm mighty glad to know  
That though he's traveled 'round a lot,  
Through all the years he's not forgot.  
He's changed a heap I must admit,  
But then, time changes all a bit,  
And still I'm sure I recognize  
That same old twinkle in his eyes  
That they had on that Autumn day  
When he contrived to get away  
From school (he'd put some pepper on the stove)  
And teacher (she as was Miss Grove)  
Says, Richard, you come here, says she,  
And go and cut a switch for me.  
And Richard went, for she'd begun to cough  
And Dick allowed he might as well be off.  
We didn't hear from him for quite a spell  
And then news came that he was doin' well  
A-drivin' Major Muscovite,  
A horse that was first in many a fight.  
That boy could always find a way  
Of turning labor into play  
And gettin' money thick and fast  
Whether he was first or last.  
Why, one day up there in De Moin  
He must o' made a lot o' coin,  
'Cause I went up to see him drive,

And goodness, gracious sakes alive,  
How he performed, and how he tore  
Away when they would turn to score.  
The man who stood in the little shed  
Would ring the bell and shake his head,  
And then he'd draw a small red flag  
And wave in the face of Richard's nag,  
And shout as they jogged back up to score,  
If you do it again you get fifty more.  
My, he must a made a lot of dough,  
'Cause they never once beat him there I know,  
And the sun was gettin' mighty low  
Before that feller shouted Go.  
But when at last they got the word,  
McMahon's boy flew like a bird  
Around the turn, in front a dozen rods,  
Too far to overcome the odds.  
At that he barely won the heat,  
And as he climbed down from his seat  
He paused a moment to remark,  
'I like this racin' after dark,  
It's strange how nuts from little acorns grow,  
That starter never could say Go.  
He'll do quite well to tend to things up there,  
I'm being paid to win with this old mare.'  
And later on I heard him say  
That he had found the only way  
That he could ever win a race  
From a bunch of steeds that he couldn't outpace  
Was to commence a little while before  
The rest of the horses left the score.  
And I knew he hit upon that plan

Long years before he became a man,  
So that was the reason I never could catch  
The boy who raided my melon patch.  
If Richard had stayed around out here  
He might have been an auctioneer,  
Or maybe mayor of the town,  
Or like as not we'd sent him down  
To Washington to make our laws  
That we don't favor much because  
They're far too dry, and then I'll bet  
We could have kept this old state wet,  
And if it was, and we could have our brew  
We'd make him President, that's what we'd do.  
For a man who can drive a trotter straight  
I would trust at the helm of the ship of state.  
I'm glad McMahon's boy made good  
Because I always said he would.



## TWILIGHT

My window faces toward the East  
And as I wait  
The twilight steals unheeded o'er the bay,  
While twinkling warnings from the Golden Gate  
Beam out to warn the vessels on their way:  
Beneath that window calla lillies bloom,  
The California hills are fresh and green,  
The scent of roses fills my room  
And all about is tranquil and serene;  
The darkness deepens and the daylight ends,  
The scene below enthralls me not the least,  
I dream tonight of old-time friends,  
My window faces toward the East.



### THE OLD HOMESTEAD

You would hardly recognize it,  
It seems so bleak and bare,  
For the fine old trees are absent  
That once guarded it with care,  
And the peonies and snowballs  
That blossomed every May  
Have disappeared completely  
Since the Old Folks went away.

The climbing rose is missing  
With its mass of scarlet bloom,  
Gone the purple lilac bushes  
With their wealth of sweet perfume,

And the shady apple orchard  
Where the toothsome dainties grew  
That lured me on my way from school  
Alas has passed from view.

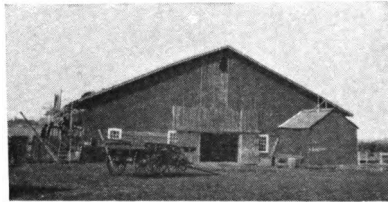
The little elevation  
That we chose to call a hill  
Has vanished with the flowers  
And the murmuring brook is still  
That wandered through the meadows  
Where the clover dark and deep  
Watched lovingly above it  
Till it sang itself to sleep.

The old red crib is standing  
Where the golden seed corn hung,  
Near the woodshed where we gathered  
When the dinner bell had rung,  
And a score of handsome horses  
That could win a prize, I know,  
Had been safely fed and cared for  
In the stable broad and low.

Once another red-haired youngster  
Daily tramped the dusty trail,  
And shared the home-made goodies  
From each shining dinner pail,  
Now no boyhood pal awaits me  
For the auburn locks are gray  
And the homestead's bleak and lonely  
Since the Old Folks went away.



Just across the fields they're sleeping  
Where a stately pine tree stands  
And points its silent finger  
To "a house not made with hands."  
Somehow heaven will be perfect  
When we view it up above,  
If we find those precious Old Folks  
And the homestead that we love.





## THE OLD WHITE FIRE TEAM

Standing there upon the pavement  
In a sleepy sort o' way  
Is a snow-white pair of horses  
That were once called dapple gray,  
And I pause in admiration  
And in reverence, as I seem  
To sense the faithful service  
Of that old white fire team.

Just a score of years have vanished  
Since Old Fox first heard the bell,  
And Rags, a trifle younger,  
Served the city just as well;

So my truant memory ranges  
To the things that time has wrought,  
As I ponder o'er the changes  
Since the old white team was bought.

Once their step was light and airy  
Like a winsome, joyous bride,  
But the buoyancy departed  
With the dapples from their side;  
Eyes are not so bright, I fancy,  
But I catch the old-time gleam  
When Haley drops the harness  
On the old white fire team.

Possibly they're not so speedy,  
Time in his relentless roll  
Has demanded quite a tribute  
And collected quite a toll;  
But somehow I've a notion  
That Haley's silvered hair  
Is due to his devotion  
And his love for that old pair.

They have shared the joys and sorrows  
Of the city day by day,  
Joining with the silent mourners  
When our friends were laid away,  
But when gayer throngs were gathered  
They would champ their bits and prance  
To the strains of martial music  
When the boys came home from France.

When the old team came to serve us  
Motor trucks were still unknown,  
But they answered every purpose  
Quite unaided and alone;  
What though muddy streets o'erwhelmed us,  
What though blizzards filled the air,  
We could rest securely knowing  
That the old white team was there.

Then the "onward march of progress"  
Struck the city with a zest,  
And a motor truck was purchased  
That the agent called the best;  
I remember quite distinctly  
How he in his long discourse  
Depicted mental anguish  
At the passing of the horse.

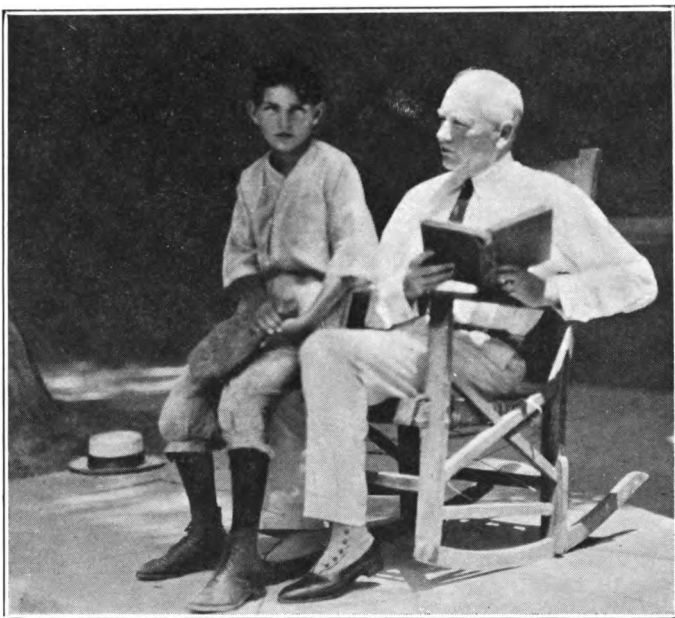
Thus their fate seemed sealed completely,  
But the wiser heads prevailed,  
And we kept them through the Winter,  
Lest the shiny motor failed;  
Then there came that bitter evening  
When the cruel flames appalled,  
And they saved our homes and dear ones  
While the handsome truck was stalled.

Now I wake in abject horror  
When the bell rings after dark,  
Lest the carburetor's busted  
Or the spark plugs fail to spark;

And although I hear the clatter  
And the noise and siren's scream,  
I listen for the patter  
Of the old white fire team.

Years will come and in their coming  
They will bring more modern ways  
To fight the fire demon  
Than Haley and the grays,  
Yet to them is due the glory  
And as long as fires gleam,  
We will tell the old, old story  
Of Haley and his team.





### A REAL OPTIMIST

“Dad, what is a horseman,” a youngster inquired  
Of a horse-loving father he greatly admired.  
“I read about chauffeurs and cars all the while  
But it seems to me horsemen are quite out of style,  
And teacher remarked that I should not repeat,  
But that she believed horsemen were quite obsolete,  
Now just what she meant I can’t well make out,  
So I thought I would ask you what it was about.”

The Year Book Dad studied was closed with a slap  
As he cuddled the questioner up in his lap;  
"My boy, you may tell her I find as a rule  
That the most of life's lessons are not learned in  
school.

The love of a trotter you don't get from books  
And you can't pick a pacer because of his looks.  
A fellow can't chum with a horse every day  
Without being bigger and better some way;

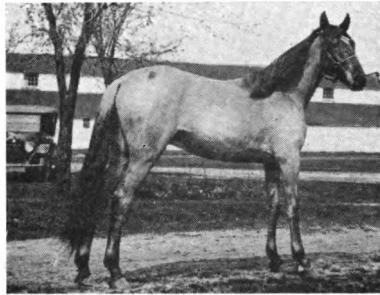
{ The friends and the horses most trusted and tried }  
{ Are the ones that will stand without being tied. }

- You can tell her for me that a horseman's a chap  
Who knows all the principal towns on the map;  
He can give you the dates when the races all start,  
He knows when the trains all arrive and depart:  
He can give you the name and the breeding offhand  
Of every sensational steed in the land.

{ A horseman's a fellow who laughs at defeat  
{ And smilingly comes to the scratch every heat,  
{ And whether it's Winter or Summer or Fall,  
{ He's true to his partner that stands in the stall.

Though the rain spoils the races he knows in the end  
It will nourish the grass for his four-footed friend.  
A horseman's a chap who will give his last sou  
To a friend in distress if he knows he's true blue;  
He reads in the coals of the old office stove  
The future success of that colt that he drove,  
And each fleecy cloud in the blue of the sky  
Means a winning for him in the sweet bye-and-bye.  
A horseman's a man, as I told you before,  
Who don't get his knowledge from any book store;  
He invoices all of the pleasure he gets

And closes each season without the regrets ;  
If his trotter don't win quite as much as he should  
He knows that NEXT YEAR he is bound to make  
good.  
Just say to your teacher, your daddy insists,  
That a horseman's the greatest of all optimists."







## THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

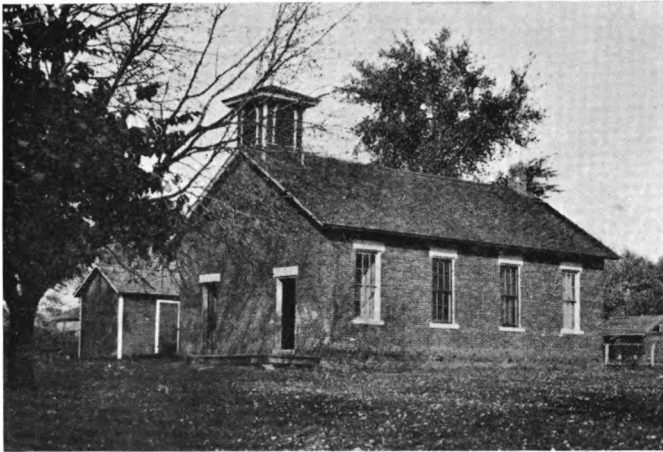
There's a sleepy little village  
Nestling in a vast domain,  
Guarded by the seried corn fields  
And by shocks of golden grain,  
Just a half a dozen houses  
And a church and school and store,  
And a dingy little blacksmith shop  
With pictures on the door.

There's no slippery, treacherous pavement,  
There's no sidewalk and no curb,  
There's no smoky, rumbling railroad  
And no street cars to disturb,  
Yet I'd guide my wandering footsteps  
To this quiet scene and stop  
With head bowed low in reverence  
For that little blacksmith shop.

'Twas a sort of civic center  
In the days of long ago;  
With its welcome roof a refuge  
From the sun or from the snow,  
And the smithy's cheery greetings  
Always tempted us to stray  
To the dusky little blacksmith shop  
That stood across the way.  
With its windows barred and broken  
And its moss-grown shingles curled,  
It was still in boyhood fancies  
Quite the best in all the world;  
For its weather-beaten battens  
Would flame anew each Spring  
With the gorgeous new creations  
That the poster man would bring.  
Envied was the lucky culprit  
Teacher stood upon the floor,  
For he could watch proceedings  
Through the open schoolhouse door;  
He could see the poster fellow  
Clean the little blacksmith shop  
And paste another picture  
From the bottom to the top.  
Some kids loved the circus posters  
With the lions in their rage  
And a lady calmly sitting  
In the tawny tiger's cage;  
But the picture most entrancing  
That glued me to the spot  
Was the rearing, plunging horses  
Entered at the county trot.

Four—a bay, a gray, a chestnut  
And a black one on a break,  
While his driver's frantic efforts  
Caused my boyish heart to ache,  
Thus I stood there in the gloaming  
Of that happy Summer day  
When the trotting bills were posted  
On the shop across the way.

I have seen the Rosa Bonheurs  
And the Keiths and Rembrandts, too,  
Of many famous pictures  
I have since then had a view ;  
But there's nothing halts my footsteps  
And causes me to stop,  
Like a flaming trotting poster  
Pasted on a blacksmith shop.

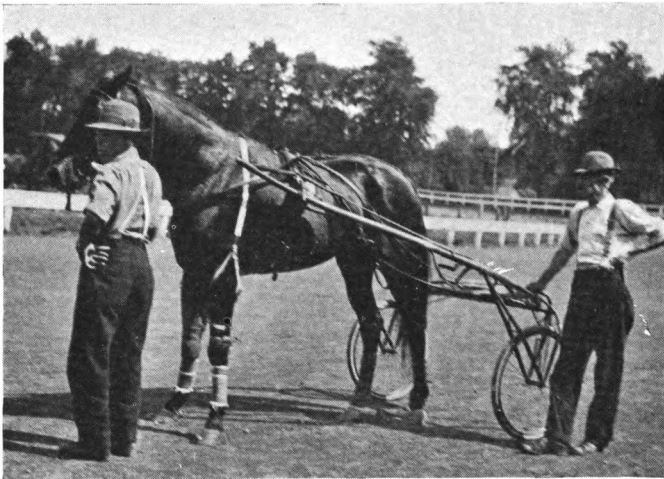




## THE SPORT WORTH WHILE

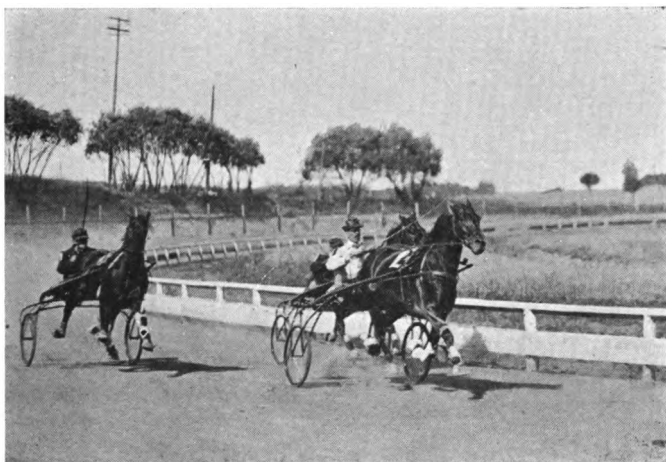
There's a mighty satisfaction  
When the fish are biting good,  
And you quickly get your limit  
As a lucky angler should ;  
To the chap who is a hunter  
It must be a joy indeed  
To bag a brace of mallards  
Every time you draw a bead ;  
There must be a lot of pleasure  
In the games of golf or chess  
If your winning and your partner  
Is plainly in distress ;  
But oh, the joy worth knowing  
That nothing equals quite,  
Is to feel the thrill of rapture  
When your trotter's going right.

When the morning light is breaking  
To the robin's sweet refrain,  
And you grab your cakes and coffee  
Like you had to catch a train,  
When your wife in blank amazement  
Wonders why you're up so soon,  
And explains to yawning kiddies,  
"Daddy won't be home till noon."  
When you don your old white Stetson  
And kiss them at the door,  
As you pause to fill the wood-box  
That you've passed so oft before,  
Then it is that life's worth living  
And the old world's mighty bright,  
'Cause his name's among the entries  
And your trotter's working right.



"BOOTS ALL ON HIM"

When you reach the dusty oval  
And you say to Windy Al,  
"Just put the boots all on him  
And I'll step him up, old Pal."  
When you take the sulky gently  
From its peg up on the wall,  
And blow up the pesky tires  
That were none too good last Fall,  
When you jog him till he's ready  
And turn him at the score,  
And he seems to pull you faster  
Than he ever has before,  
Then it is you count your money,  
For he's charmed you by his flight,  
And you can't be pessimistic  
When your trotter's working right.



And so to all you sportsmen  
    Misguided but sincere,  
I've a bit of information  
    I would whisper in your ear.  
If you enjoy your fishing  
Or any sport you've found,  
If you like to go a-hunting  
    Or chase the pill around,  
Just keep it up but take a ride  
    Behind a horse at speed,  
I will not advise you further,  
    There won't be any need,  
You'll sell the whole equipment  
    Before tomorrow night,  
If you'll sit behind a trotter  
    Or a pacer when he's right.

## FINIS

The tan-bark ring is hushed and still  
And fitful shadows play  
Where crafty riders rode at will  
The steeds of yesterday;  
And yet how like the ring is life,  
We primp and strut and bravely try  
For one brief moment in the strife  
To shine triumphant in the Judge's eye;  
Some day the silvery bugle's tone  
Will call us to the Great Unknown,  
And when Old Gabriel blows his blast  
And Peter swings the gate at last  
We'll find performance counts far more  
Than conformation in the score  
That's kept up there, and so my friend  
Let us so live that in the end  
When all life's show is through  
We'll get a BLUE.



